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Bree's a girl next door, but her kinky fetish gets the best of her...

BREEDANIELS







Walking around the sprawling estate, Bree's pussy drips with every touch of the cool stones holding up the house.

"Mmmm...nothing would please me more than to get rammed against this hard wall," she moans, tracing her tender pussy lips, while letting her button puff up from the cool draft.

Reaching for her thick, glass dildo, her pert pout gets the bauble wet before teasing her thrumming clit with the prop.

"I'd want someone strong and masculine—someone who could ram his veiny shaft deep in my tight walls and make me feel like the dirty slut that I am," she stutters, thrusting the glass piece in and out of her scorched space. "Fuck, I need a hard banging now!"

With one tender move of her free hand, the bawdy blonde grazes her hard nipple, jutting the toy forward to grind against her puffy pearl.

"Oh, fuck!" She screams, licking the remnants of her girl goo from the dildo. "I may look like the girl next door, but judging from my spent pussy—I'm the whore my neighbors have been dreaming about."











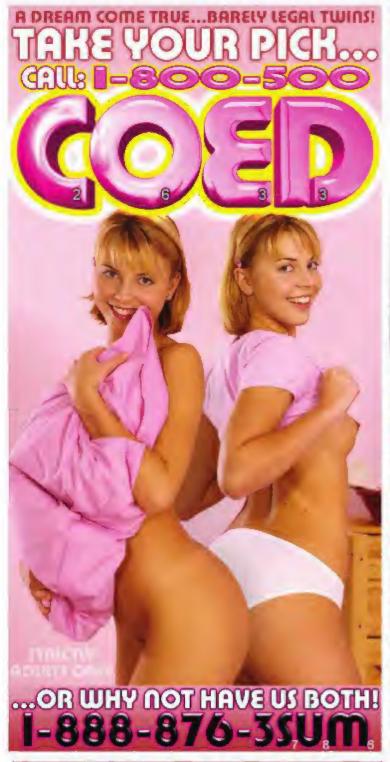






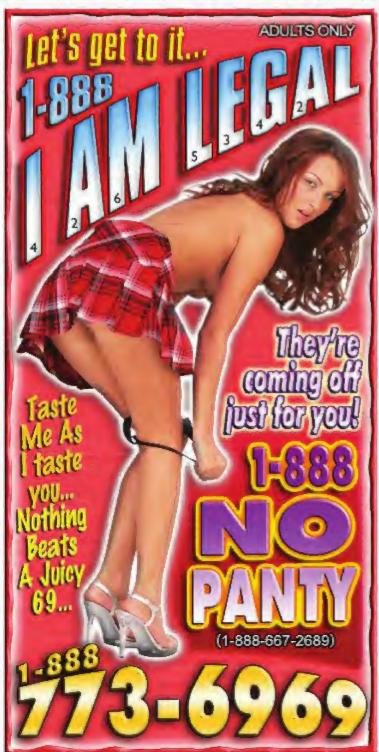














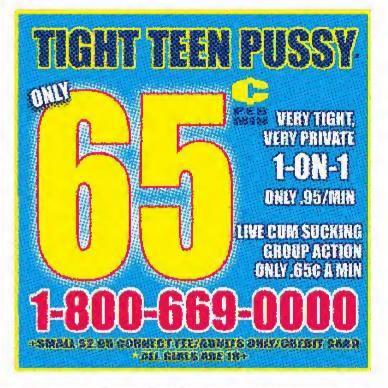


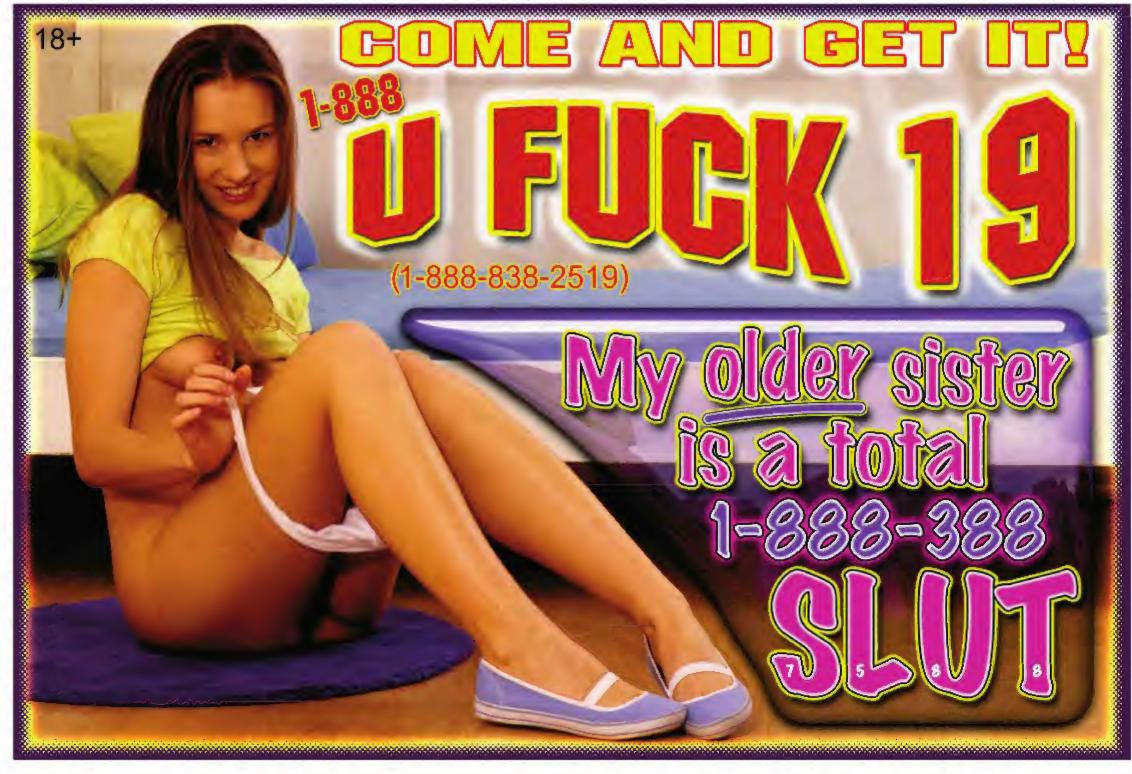






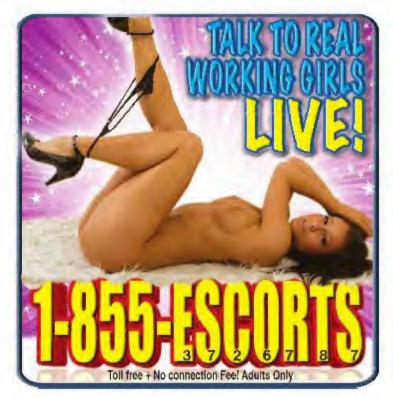


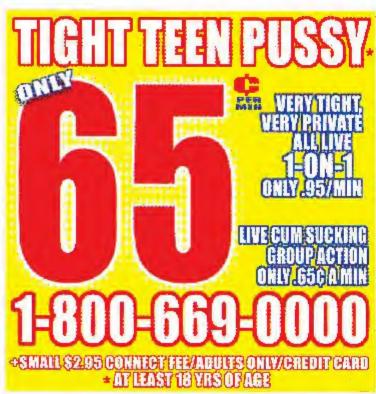


















From Doll to Dream Girl

Desperately horny and sometimes, horrifically poor—it's hard to find a girlfriend, and I can only dream about hiring an escort to slobber all over my knob. Luckily, for me, my life changed for the best when I went to buy a "real" sex doll.

I heard about this one place about an hour north of my town that sells sex dolls that look and feel like a real woman. All one has to do is order the likeness of the girl of one's dream—body type, hair color, eye color, breast size-you name it, they have it. All it takes is some money and six weeks-and the girl of dreams is delivered at your front step.

I walked into the warehouse, noticing rows and rows of fleshy blank statues—short, fat, tall, slim knowing that I was in the right place, but not having a clue who to talk to—until I heard a voice echo from the back.

"Hey there!" A female voice screamed. "I'll be right with ya, just hang tight, okay?"

I screamed back, "Okay," and started to browse the options. My cock sprang into action when I felt the fleshy hip of a curvy redhead, wondering if the pussy of the doll was going to be as soft as a real woman's. But it was when I saw the finished mold of a snatch that I couldn't help myself and stuck two of my thick fingers in the tight holeletting out a deep sigh at the unusual warmth and silkiness of the piece.

"That's Candy," the voice abruptly said behind me. "She's a top seller, thanks to the latest teen craze.

I was so embarrassed that I was caught red fingered, but when I saw the worker in front of me, I realized I didn't need a doll-the one girl that was going to make me spurt was right in front of me. She introduced herself as Madeline, and her perfect Ccups and petite, tight body was making my rod throb with every word she spoke. I couldn't keep my eyes of her puffy, pink pout—wondering if the gloss on her lips would stain my veiny shaft, not to mention if her flowy, auburn locks would tickle my balls while she slobbered all over my package.

"What hair color and length?" She said.

"Brown—kind of like yours with your length. The same for the eyes and body...not to sound like a creep or anything. You're just my type is all." I sputtered.

I could feel my cock ready to burst out of my pants when her lips practically touched mine and whispered," Why do you need a doll, when I'm right here at your service?"

She barely kissed me, before her face was in my crotch—salivating while she unzipped my pants and unhinged my screaming rod. I gasped a little when she took a slurp of the silky liquid that was forming at the top of my burgeoning crown—before taking my entire length down her throat.

Madeline's mouth was just as I pictured in my fantasy—soft, wet, and warm—and while she was clucking on my cock, she was doing something that a doll could never do-frig her clit and feed me her juices while her lips coated with saliva and the beginnings of my joy juice.

The savage in me took over, as I lifted up this dirty whore, and removed her jeans. I wanted to tease her a bit, so while her legs were straddling mine, I gently took my finger and massaged her labia while tonguing her throat.

I never saw a woman so wet before in my life, as Madeline's juices were raining down my palms and through my fingers. I gently nibbled on her lip before I buried my face in her tender twat.

Kissing her clit lightly, she began to purr-and when she grabbed my thick hair and pulled me deep into her, I felt her cum and shake-allowing her girl goo surge down my throat, while I-proud to saydidn't miss a drop.



'Get over here and fuck me," Madeline growled, pulling me up on the dusty work table covered with lifelike hands, heads, and limbs.

I have to say, I enjoyed that she was taking control when she put me on my back and sank down on my cock slowly.

From my angle, her tits looked perfect and round as they bounced against the huge warehouse lights, but it was the way my cock twitched inside her tight tunnel that made me realize that she was giving me something an inanimate object could never do—fuck me silly right back. I didn't think I was going to get this opportunity again, so I tried to hold off my cum as much as I could, but when she moved forward cupping her tits to my mouth, I gushed inside her hard—filling her real pouch with my boy batter.

Before she slipped out of me—letting my cum droplets fall on the table—she giggled and said, "So, do you really want to waste four grand on a doll when you can get me for free whenever you want?"

Needless to say, I chose her; and for the past six months, we've been happy fucking and sucking anywhere we can, but I lucked out, because Madeline, as it turns out, is a real doll.

Real life Railing-New Hampshire

Pen Pal Pounding

While I was in high school, one year it was mandatory for Seniors to have a pen pal with a person from another state as a class project. Being the "High School Slut," I thought I'd get paired with the male version of me, but he was more like the "High School Nerd." Tall and lanky-he had terrible acne and couldn't hold a conversation to save his life. I was glad it was for one day, and after I wrote my project, I never heard from him again-until a few weeks ago.

I was on Facebook when I saw a message from a man named Andrew, with the subject line: "I think I know you." He mentioned if I was the girl he thought I was, and if so, I was " just as hot now, as I was then."

When I scrolled down to see his info and pictures, my pussy lips were starting to flap while I perused pictures of his brawny body on his yacht, and the way his broad shoulders and chiseled jawline looked incredibly fuckworthy in an Armani business suit.

> It wasn't until I saw where he went to high school that I figured out it was my former pen pal. I wrote him back immediately and said that I was the girl he remembered and we should get together for drinks. Hours ater, he wrote back saying, "Wear something dirty."

I was shocked and turned on at his now aggressive nature—something he hadn't shown ten years ago, but with my mind in the same place it was a decade ago, I was willing to take him up on his offer.

When he pulled up in his Jaguar, I was shocked at how tall and built he had gotten. I was hoping that my flooding pussy juice wasn't visible when he touched my lower

back to let me in first.

We spoke about how awkward our first meeting was, and he confessed that after he saw me, he knew that he couldn't bag a hottle like me with his game, so he began working out hardcore while in high school, and after college, he became a professional model.

Sitting down in the restaurant, I was so entranced with him that I didn't notice my thighs were embedded into his, and when my knee brushed against his crotch, he let out a slight moan. When I realized what happened, I reached down and unzipped his designer pants and snuck my hand inside the warm opening—finding his throbbing cock. I licked my fingers one more time and stroked him with my thumb and index finger-watching as he bit his lower lip. He pushed my chair closer to him and pretended to wrap his arms around my slender legs, when really he was lifting up my skirt and making a hole through my stockings to get to my hot hole.

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I suggested we go into the oversized closet filled with thousands of dollars worth of coats, and he followed—covering his tenting rod with his hands.

We snuck in and closed the door, giggling that we just got past a slew of hoity-toity upper class eating caviar and swallowing their tenth martinis. I wanted my high school name to go down in history, so I knelt down and inhaled his pole—slicking it up with my saliva while he banged on the rails from the sheer pleasure.

I had never been so turned on in my life as I was blowing my former pen pal. Without even touching myself, my clit was throbbing so much that I kept moaning, feeling the scads of my liquid lust pour down my legs.

I loved it when his strong arms lifted me up and turned me around to where I was holding onto an Hermes scarf, and the hood of a plush coat. Pulling my skirt over my back, he knelt down for a moment and licked my glistening cleft-making me shudder with more to come. Finally, when he stood up, he grabbed me by my waist and only stuck his head in my hole—separating my silky petals apart until I banged right back into him. Once I felt his balls against the back of my thighs, I quaked-thrusting into him with heated fervor.

"You wish you had this cock ten years ago, huh, you filthy whore?" He mumbled, changing his pace from fast to slow while his balls were slapping against the undercarriage of my ass.

"Mmmm...had I known your cock would stretch me this much, I would've fucked you sooner," I moaned.

He pushed out of me and pulled me around lifting me up to where I was sitting on his cock. I was shocked that we kept up this rhythm, and when my clit grazed against the tuft of his pubic hair, I spurted—cumming so hard on his cock that l almost lost balance.

We cleaned ourselves up and hung up the coats before heading back in the restaurant to have another post-fuck drink-something we couldn't have done ten years ago. I shook a little the entire way home—thanks to the most abrasive orgasm of my life, and although we've only kept in touch via Facebook, just like I made him realize he had to be more open, he made me realize the same thing, and since that night—the ones that aren't "my type" are the ones that this former High School Slut is banging all over town.

Blast From The Past-lowa

Bawdy Bull Rider

Born and raised in Texas, there's something that us country girls know—and that's how to ride. However, where I work in a local Austin hotspot, real bull riding is prohibited and mostly reserved for men—however, I got hired to teach both girls and guys how to stay on a mechanical bull when they're trying to turn-on their boyfriends and a few girlfriends.

As a bona fide lesbian, it's almost impossible to find any action at the bar, but then again, I like being in control when it comes to finding some sweet pussy. I've never had any competition, and I like it that way.

Last week, however, a bunch of girls came in for a bachelorette party in the private room. I was told to give these girls a good time, teaching them how to ride the bull, and when I saw them slurring their words and falling over each other, I knew it would be a long night.

After picking up the last thick girl from the bouncy, rubber flooring. I wasn't in the mood to show someone else—let alone a drunken chick—how to ride the bull, and I was done for the night.

"Well, if you're not going to teach us, Miss, why don't you put on a show for us?" Said the bride-to be.

Tired and achy I agreed, and hiked up my denim cutoffs and loosened up my halter-top. I was riding hard and fast like it was nothing when I heard a voice from the back scream, "Show us your tits!"

When I flung off the top, I heard the same voice go, "Mmm...those nipples are so hard! It looks like someone wants some action."

I was confused at first and kept riding, but when the woman—a tall, slen-

der brunette with D-cups and tight jeans - stood in front of the rope, I slid off for real. And that never happens.

"Oops," she said. "It looks like someone lost their concentration. I think I'm going to try this thing."

I sat in the corner and watched how this newbie was a real pro at riding, and being the competitive tart that I am, I raised the speed until she, too, fell off.

"Oops," I said, mocking her. "Nice try, but there can only be one reigning queen in this place, and it ain't you, honey."

I saw the other women's faces go from laughing to scared, and when I felt the naughty girl's thighs brush against mine, I knew what to do-ram my tongue down her throat while undressing her at the same time.

I was impressed that she kept my legs in place only with her thighs, and as her friends cheered us

on, I couldn't stop thrusting onto her crotch-hoping to get some kind of friction.

"Baby, we're from the big city, and we don't mess around." She said, unzipping my sopping denim shorts. "So, you'll get your chance when you deserve it."

Knowing how badly I wanted my cunt licked, she suctioned her mouth to my nipples—getting them even harder than before, and when I finally got out of her grip, I slid her down the rubbery floor and placed myself so we were in a sixty-nine.

I saw flashes of camera phones going off, and when her wet flesh flap traced my clit, I surged down her throat in an instant. After my ferocious first orgasm, she didn't stop flicking her tongue on my swollen nub while grinding her fingers in and out of my scorching hole.

I could feel her getting even more wet while I groaned in her mouth, and when I spread her tight asscheeks apart, I could see her puffy asshole puck up-so I licked my finger swiftly and wedged my finger in there, hoping to get a positive a reaction.

When she lifted up her head, her moan echoed through the room—as her sweet nectar poured down my throat like a fountain.

She kept pounding my face until my lips were

covered in her honey, and just as she sighed, we heard, "More!"

I moved over to the pedals and watched as the mechanical bull was moving at a gingerly pace, and while my new friend was sitting on the rubber floor spread eagle, jumped on the bull moving towards its ass to give our audience a view of my swollen mound.

"Come on, tough girl. Let's see if you could keep up with this rhythm," I said.

In seconds, she got up, spreading apart my

billowy petals—and once her fingers grazed my clit, I started to shake—yet, I maintained my balance.

"Mmm...stay there, sweetheart," the brunette said, before looking at me straight in the eye while she flicked her tongue back and forth on my huge button—keeping her fingers in place like a cork to a wine bottle.

Like a true Texan, I held my own until I creamed her throat with a ripple of my silky elixir, watching her as she licked her chops that were glossed with my sweet sap.

Since the girls were on a time crunch, they left soon after my umpteenth orgasm, and even though I haven't experienced anything like that since, now when I put on a show for the people, my kitty purrs a little thinking of the nasty show I put on for the girl-only soiree. Sapphic Showdown—Texas











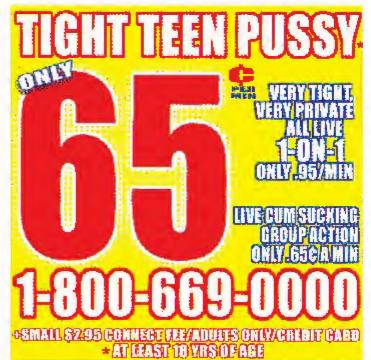








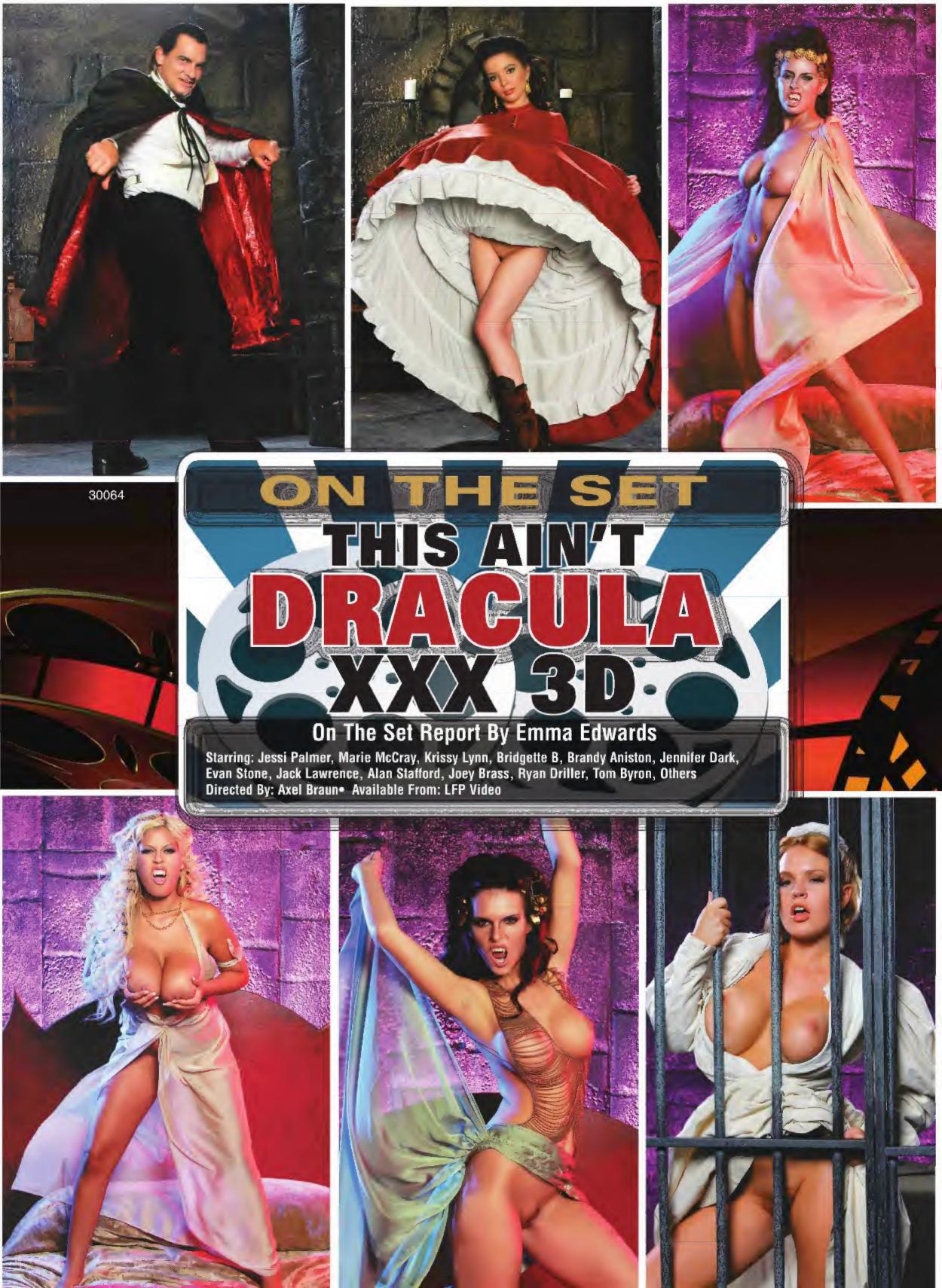


















oosely based on Bram Stoker's romantic masterpiece-award-winning director, Axel Braun, resurrects the world's most famous vampire as we follow the sensual escapades of a Nosferatu knight as he transcends time, space, and body in an effort to physically connect with his ancient betrothed, Mina Murray, in This Ain't Dracula XXX 3D. With a legion of English diplomats hot on his trail, aided by the assistance of a diabolical metaphysician, Dr. Abraham Van Helsing—the walls are closing in on the immortal man who is known the world over by one name: Dracula! Set in 1893, watch as these erotic characters come to life, while state of the art 3D cameras capture true poetry in motion as love, lust, and liquid converge creating a visually enthralling porn parody that is even sexier and more sinister than the original blockbuster production. With results this dangerously delicious, and fang fuckers this fine-are you ready to sink your teeth in and take a bite? We thought so!

The legend unfolds as dutiful, young law clerk, Jonathan Harker (Ryan Driller), is en route to Count Dracula's ancient castle in Transylvania, eager to complete The Count's purchase of his

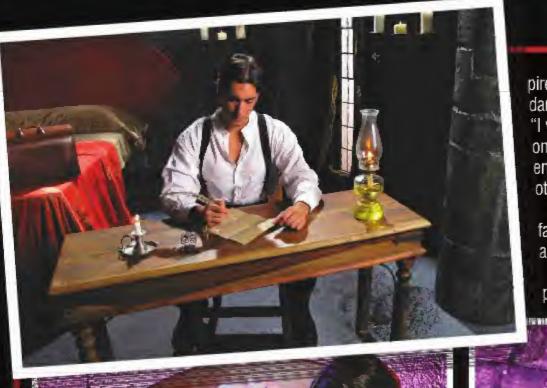
estate in England, Carfax Abbey. Haunted by the primeval hills and valleys of this foreign landscape, Harker finally arrives at Dracula's creepy castle. Fallen into neglect, the interior is riddled with frayed tapestries and threadbare rugs that fall across dilapidated flagstone floors, while candle sconces drip their wax against cob webbed walls. Stepping inside, a bat flutters overhead, frightening Jonathan, as Dracula (Evan Stone) manifests behind him. In a ghastly red gown with flowing white hair piled on top of his head in intricate folds, The Count is a remarkable sight!

As time moves slowly, Jonathan begins to suspect that the male vampire is intentionally prolonging his stay as the days roll into weeks. Lying in a pool of his own sweat, Jonathan fitfully sleeps, tossing and turning as a mist startles him, shrouding his room in an icky fog. As his eyes grow accustomed to the dim light, three sexy vam-









pires (Brandy Aniston, Bridgette B., and Jennifer Dark) rise from the fog. They are darkly erotic and mostly naked—billowing across his body like imported silk sheets. "I want him first," Jennifer hisses, crawling up his legs like a spider in order to suck on his cock first. Swishing the other two away, Dark slobbers on his knob like a ravenous wolf—rounding out her slender cheeks with the tip of his hammer, as the other two bloodsuckers go to work on his balls.

Feeling out the enticing innards of each wet pussy—Harker works through all three fang fuckers, motoring through Brandy's bush in missionary position, as Bridgette and Jennifer hold her legs open and spit on her twat.

"My turn," Miss B. later barks, fervently unlatching Jonathan from Aniston's vampire vagina in an effort to get hers stuffed. Falling into place on her hands and

knees, Bridgette shakes her thick Latina ass for the guest, begging him to fill her to capacity. He does! As their evening of thrills and spills concludes, the vampires expose their fangs and begin nipping at Harker's body, leaving him drained, and injured. Meanwhile, back in England at The Westenra House, Mina (Jessi Palmer) is visiting with her dear friend, Lucy (Marie McCray)-a promiscuous redhead with big tits and pale skin-while her beloved is away in Transylvania. Sipping tea in the elegant parlor, the girls discuss men, sex, and the three suitors who have asked for Lucy's hand in marriage.

"Honestly, Lucy, you are a trial.
Three men? What will you do?"
Mina questions, trying desperately to live vicariously through the sexual escapades of her vivacious friend.

"I'll have to test them out to see which I desire most," Lucy flirts, leaning in to unbutton Mina's dress, while seducing her into







hardcore lesbian action.

Shy at first, it doesn't take long before Mina and Lucy are lip locked in a lovers embrace-raking their tongues back and forth until their glossy lips smear across their rosy cheeks.

"That looks so damn hot," Braun says under his breath, motioning to the girls to transition into their first sexual position.

With her legs sprawled open like a wishbone, Lucy rests her back against a satin covered settee, as Mina wraps her pouty lips around her friend's liquid filled labia. "You taste like warm peaches," Mina sighs, licking the dripping from her fingers as she goes in for another gooey nibble of the sweet stuff.

gooey nibble of the sweet stuff.

Switching positions, Lucy outstretches her tongue and licks Mina clean before both ladies lock their legs together on the floor, grinding their cunts like two horny crickets.

This scene is so intense; it practically causes pelts of steam to rise up from the center of both juicy clams.

As the story continues, a fierce storm whips the ocean, grounding a Russian













schooner, The Demeter, onto the Whitby docks. Superstitious locals claim that a hell hound leapt from the wreck and is now loose in London, leaving no survivors aboard. As a result, the town is on high alert.

Since the shipwreck, and the tale of the demon hound continue escalating—Lucy begins acting strangely, almost trance-like, as she resumes her old childhood habit of sleepwalking. Worried for the well being of her friend, Mina brings her to Dr. John Seward (Jack Lawrence)—a local physician and one of Lucy's suitors, located in an office next to the insane asylum. Examining Lucy, Dr. Seward can't explain the cause of her growing anemia. Eventually, he calls on Dr. Abraham Van Helsing—a rare blood disorder specialist—to come assist him in finding a cure for the sexy minx.

As Dr. Seward's examination of Lucy continues, R.M. Renfield (Tom Byron)—a lunatic obsessed with consuming other life forms—places Krissy Lynn, a hot nurse, under his spell. "Come to me," he chants, wiggling his dirty finger at her from his jail cell. Falling to her knees, Lynn tears the front of her nursing uniform open, allowing her beautiful bongo tits to bounce against her chest. Yanking his cock from his torn

trousers, Krissy sucks his boner through the bars. "This tastes so fucking good," she mouths, licking her lips and wiping his grim off her chin.

Joining him in his cell, Krissy bounces on his jumbo-sized cock like a spring, giving up her pussy and ass in several spirited positions before the spell is broken, while surprisingly left with the taste of his criminal cum across her lips.

In the interim, Mina has traveled to a hospital in Budapest where Jonathan is being treated for a

nervous breakdown. Simultaneously, Dr. Van Helsing tends to Lucy back in London. Finding two small puncture wounds on her throat, Van Helsing vows to save her by outfitting her room with garlic, crucifixes, and administering blood transfusions. Alas, his attempts are in vain, as Lucy soon dies because of her illness.

Taking Arthur Holmwood (Joey Brass) and Quincy Morris (Alan Stafford) to the Westenra's family crypt, Dr. Van Helsing and the men discover that Lucy's body is missing from the tomb.

"Lucy has been bitten by a

Nosferatu—a vampire. If we don't act
now, Lucy will become a creature of
the night," Van Helsing declares.

As the doctor goes in search of Lucy,
she appears from behind a dark corner, looking pale and beautiful, wearing her burial gown. Easily seducing
the two young men into fucking her
across the cemetery grounds, the dirty
slut bends down and sucks back both















cocks like a pro. Salivating over each meat stick, Lucy keeps her newly sprung fangs under control—trailing her fingernails across the pulsing veins that decorate their shafts like holiday tinsel.

Hungry and heated, she leaps on Arthur's cock in reverse cowgirl while blowing the living daylights out of Quincy's log.

"More, baby!" Lucy screams, bending and twisting her body so the naughty men are able to try out the Filthy Phoenix from every conceivable angle. Doing her best work in an incredible missionary spread, Lucy earns the

cum loads from both cocks. The scene ends with a slaying of porn proportions in order to free the lady's soul.

In the intervening time, a bat manifests in Renfield's cell, melting and shapeshifting into a younger-looking Dracula. Evoking a heavy-eyed spell over the men trying to murder him, everybody is rendered unconscious across the floor—everyone except Mina!

With a hypnotizing trance that causes Mina to remember the power of their ancient love, the long lost mates fall into each other's arms. In the movie's most pivotal scene, Dracula and Mina passionately kiss as Nosferatu snuggles his face into her neck. Tempted to sample the sweet life from her neck, the Dark Prince holds back.

"I love you too much to condemn you," he sighs, unzipping his cock from his pants and allowing her to feast on his prick. Licking the sides with her long tongue, Mina lovingly works her way around his wang. Dipping in lower, she even manages to stuff his meaty balls into her mouth—rolling the swollen meat around her cheeks like jawbreakers.

"Please, give me more," she begs, resting Dracula on a chair. Sitting on his lap in cowgirl position, the gorgeous gal rides his bat up and down—enjoying every inch of his growing manhood.

"I've missed you, my love," she whimpers, holding her buttcheeks open as she continues to grind. While still connected, she spins around in a reverse cowgirl spread, pulling on the tips of her hot pink nipples as they take things to the next level. Slamming her hard from underneath, Dracula ekes an orgasm out of Mina's muffin, causing her to spill her nectar across their laps. Sticky!

Right as he's about to explode, he sets Mina up in front of him and insists, "Now drink this... and join me!"

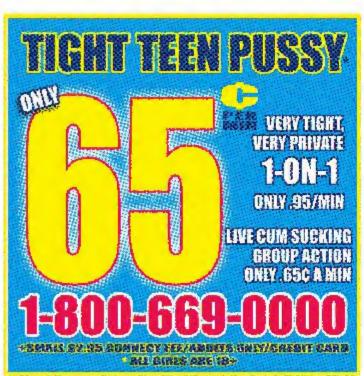
Swallowing his load, Mina writhes in agony as his killer cum consumes the innocent life force that swims through her veins. Now converted into the devil's concubine, Mina slowly opens her eyes, revealing a haunted red glow that signals the beginning of her new life as a supreme creature of the night—or perhaps the dawning of a hardcore sequel. With action this dangerously sexy—one should wish for these scenes to last as long as Dracula's life.









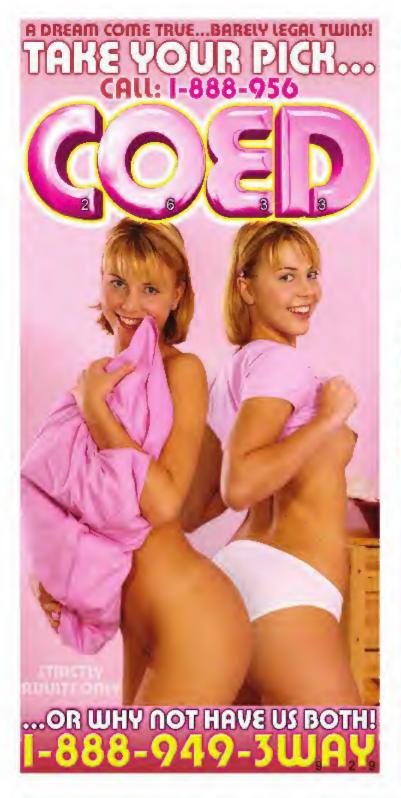




















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A double stuffing of dick helps this slut relax.

BAILEY, ERIC & DANNY









Bailey's pussy begins to flap just as much as Eric and Danny's cock start to tent in their pants when they spot each other at the bar; and when Bailey introduces herself, this filthy slut follows with, "I want your cocks in my holes now!" Clearly displaying her wanton needs.

Naked before she reaches the hotel room, Bailey grabs both men by their bulges—teasing them while she opens the door.

When her face is eye level to their hulking masts, she takes her time slicking each one—glossing them up while she moans. "Mmmm...I'm a total whore, and I want you, Eric, to ream my pucker, while you, Danny, take my sweet, tight pussy. I can feel you two starting to quake a little already," she says, with saliva and precum dripping onto the floor.

Pushing Eric on the couch, she sits on top of him in reverse cowgirl, bouncing up and down on his rigid pole—her tight walls grasping his thickness.

Leaning back, the raven-haired hottie smirks when her crinkle begins to puff up, and as her finger goes to plunge into her hole, Eric moves his dripping dick to her winking wrinkle slowly invading her backdoor.

Looking down, Bailey starts to spurt with every inch of man-meat inside of her, and when she is stuffed to the brim, her orgasm overtakes her—causing her to thrash against the men's bodies.

Keeping an impressive rhythm, Bailey starts to drip again once she feels the two sets of full balls slap against her thighs, but it's not until she pulls apart her lips and shows Eric how hot she is, that he pulls out—furiously stroking his rod.

"Are you ready, too, bad boy?" She says, turning to Danny.

With that, the men get up as Bailey double fists their dicks, and as guttural growls and heaving sighs waft through the air, a geyser of man gravy drenches her face—giving her the filthy facial she's been aching for all afternoon.

Fingering up the last of the cream, she motions for the door and says, "I told you I was a filthy slut, so thank you for your time; but you boys better leave, because my husband needs his cock cleaned in ten minutes."























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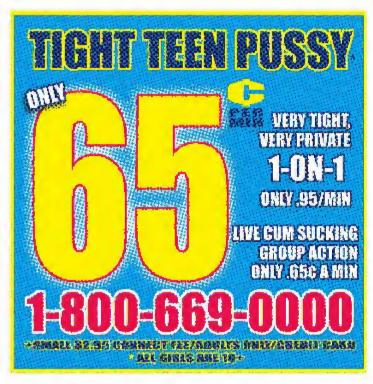




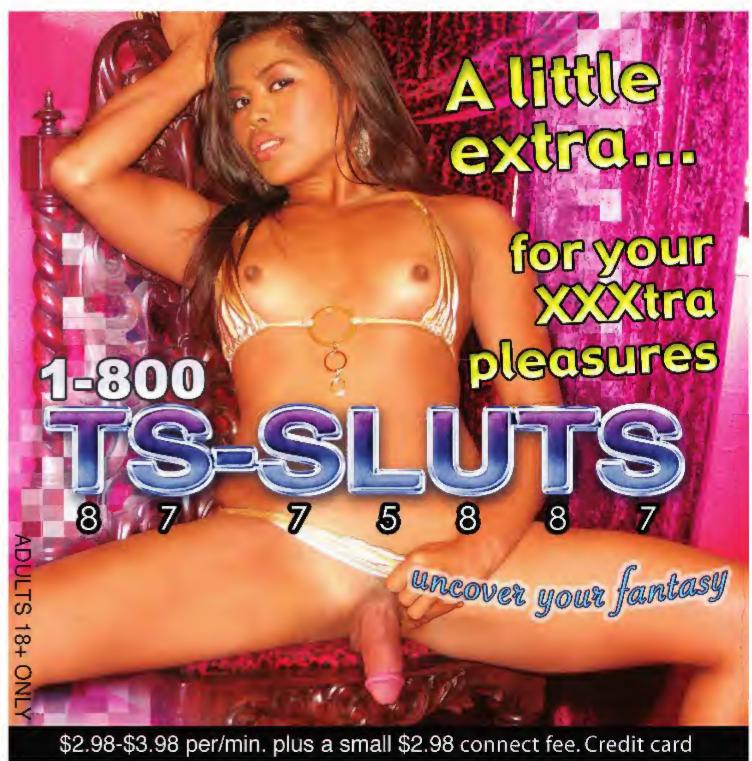


























inding out my boyfriend was cheating on me for the last six months of our relationship wasn't the worst thing that ever happened to me.

Sure, I'd miss his rock-hard cock digging into me after a night at the bar, or the blowjob in the movie theater—but luckily, I wasn't one to ever sit and pout over the "What ifs?" I was sure that I wanted to play the field and go back to my kinky ways, but I wasn't sure how to go about it, or even who my first culprit would ultimately be. As it turns out, getting over a break up is easier than one may think.

I should preface by saying that I was an Oscar worthy girlfriend to my ex, Brad.



too fucking hot for him! Her tits are a perfect mouthful!" It made me hot at the time, and hearing his deep voice grumble in a low whisper made me want to tear his pants off to inhale his rod, but I was too faithful at the time. I also knew the loyalty that comes along with bromance, and I wasn't going to ruin their lifelong friendship.

In the meantime, I was fucking everything in sight—practically every night. The year before I met Brad I was this way, and to be honest—I loved every minute of being the slutty whore I was born to be. This time around, I pulled men out of clubs to get railed in the dingy alleyways, I would get lap dances from sinewy strippers when I want-

GETTING EVEN GANGBANG

By Lisa Gray

When he would work late at night, I made sure I had dinner warming in the oven for him, with an obligatory blowjob after his dessert. I fucked him several times a day—everywhere and anywhere, I bought him gifts for no reason, and sent him dirty pictures and texts while he was at work. And, let's not forget the countless vaca-

tions Brad went on with his boys; that I not only encouraged, but I helped him pack! At 5'3" and 110 pounds with a model face to match—it boggled my mind that he could go out in the world and put his cock in something else that is warmer than my own pussy.

It took me a few hours to compose myself after I initially found out from my Facebook account, and he surprisingly didn't deny a thing and quickly called his buds to help him move out of our apartment. He did, however,

want one last quick bang, and although my pussy was crying drops of girl gash—I kept it together while his three best boys: Chuck, Bobby, and Jeremy came in and out of my place.

Knowing them for a while, I wondered why they would constantly say, "Brad doesn't deserve you," and when Chuck walked in on me when I got out of the shower, I overheard him whisper, "Dude, she's

ed a woman's soft tongue on my snatch, and sometimes, but not always—I was double-teamed by two willing strangers. There was something insatiably filthy about feeling a hard, veiny staff invade my purring kitty, and a thick, bulbous mast jut through my tight crinkle. Needless to say, I couldn't get enough cock and cooze—but I

found my duo drilling was sloppy, and my summer project was to improve my whorish antics—at least, until I get a new boyfriend. There were, however, a few things that I held onto from my previous relationship—one being the vibrating panties that Brad gave me on our one-year anniversary. It was a silky, black thong with a tiny button in the crotch, and it had a discreet button that Brad would keep in his pants to push-whenever he

creet button that Brad would keep in his pants to push—whenever he wanted to push my button so to speak. I loved wearing these at parties because I would be talking to one person on one side of the soiree, and when I felt a hypnotizing vibration ripple through my hot hole, I would bite my lip and off we'd go to fuck wherever there was a vacant space. I was skeptical about wearing the thong when going out with my girls one night, because I knew it was going to bring up some sexy memo-



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ries, but they always looked so hot against my shaved mound, that I figured, "Why not?" From the outside point of view, they looked like normal, black undies.

While shimmying my hips to the music, I began eyeing a handsome guy from across the bar. I kept making sure my full, pink pout wrapped around my finger whenever I licked off the salt from my margarita,

and I was positive that he was ready to burst in his pants while I began walking over to him—hoping to get a taste of his sword around my wet mouth. I was about to flash my panties when I felt a familiar zap on my already swollen clit.

"Impossible," I thought. "He moved a hundred miles away. Brad cannot be here. He's the only one that had the button to these panties." I took a few more steps when I felt the same zing, but this time, more frequent—almost as if someone was tapping against my numbing nubbin. My mind was no longer on the handsome man at the bar, but instead, who was fucking with my button?



I was scouring around the packed club when I spotted three men talking to each other—tall and broad—all wearing backwards baseball caps. They didn't even phase me, except they were all talking with their hands—minus one guy who had his hands in his pocket. When I looked at the face, I noticed it was Chuck—Brad's friend! Then, when I looked again, I noticed it was all of them: Chuck, Jeremy, and Bobby—





all hanging out sans my ex. Feeling sexier than ever, with my panties scorching even more, I walked up to Chuck and said, "Are you *trying* to set my clit on fire?"

All of them laughed and hugged me like old times, and Chuck explained he found the button when he helped Brad move—but I could tell things were different. Now that Brad was no longer in the picture, the men were a lot flirtier and affectionate than they were in the past. When Jeremy put his arm around my waist, I fit into his—brushing my hand against the bulging mound that was forming in his pants. When Bobby was in back of me, he playfully pulled my hair back, and feeling frisky—I backed into his tenting rod, hoping he could get a feel of my

plush ass against his throbbing cock.

After small talk about what we've been up to since my split, I casually mentioned that I was working on my summer project of fucking as many men as I could. I saw their eyes lit up, and when I touched Chuck's hand to get closer to him, he discreetly touched the button—letting the vibrations pleasantly rip through me, to which I said, "You're already getting me so wet and ready, that I need your cocks in all my hot holes—all of them."

This time, I was the meat in a triple-decker, and while we danced for a bit, I lightly grasped each of their cocks—wondering which one should go where. I was craving such a deep, backdoor drilling that night that I was looking for someone with a lot of girth to plunge my pucker—but as for my mouth and pussy—they're used to handling the most hulking of hoses, so all bets were off.

My knees began to shake, as I was overcome with impending pleasure, and while I was growing more and more impatient, I took them by the hands (well, two of them) as they followed me into an office marked "Private."

Before I even closed the door, Chuck pulled my dress down to my waist—cupping my full, bare tits. I moaned as Jeremy and Bobby each took a mouthful of my funbags while I moved Chuck's hands to my panties. I then reached into the pocket of his pants while he continued to finger my pulsating pussy, and pressed the button. He stopped kissing my neck and looked at me quizzically, when I whimpered, "You see how I found you boys?"

While the men were suckling and sticking their fingers in my holes, and around my petite body; I whimpered, "I wish Brad was here to see this." Finally, Jeremy stopped tracing his tongue around my hard nipple and took out his camera phone—angling it to fit the entire room.

My mouth was watering at the touch and feel of them, but I was craving more, so I sunk to my knees and removed each of their cocks—first inhaling Chuck's long, wide one—perfect for my sop-



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ping hot pocket. Hearing him moan while my throat took him deeply spurred me even further, and I swear, I felt my clit puff up at that moment. It was then that I felt like Goldicocks—I was looking for one *just right* to jack hammer my crinkle, and as Bobby's pre-cum was drenching out of his hole, I noticed he was The One—his mast was not exactly long, but filled up my mouth beautifully with his thickness and girth. I even loved that when I made eye contact with him—showing off my glossy pre-cum stained lips—he twitched even more—stuffing my cheeks with his hard man-meat. Jeremy, on the other hand, was so bulbous and massive that he would have to be planted in my mouth while the other two hammer my tighter holes. When I suckled his head, sinking my cheeks around his billowy base he moaned, "Fuck Brad! He's a fucking idiot for losing you, baby. You give the best fucking head ever!"

I didn't stop until I could see my reflection in their pricks, but when I licked up the last droplet from Bobby's head, I pull him to the nearby couch. I was certain that the guys could see my thick love liquid rain down my thighs as I got in reverse cowgirl, but ever the gentlemen—they helped me up as I sank slowly down his burly bark. Getting on him made it easier as his calloused hands held my hips and round rump until his balls were in my hands.

"You really are a dirty slut. Huh, baby?" Bobby said, while I bounced on his cock like a pro. With my hands full, I pulled Jeremy close to me and made him stand by my side so I would have easy access to his massive mast. I was so impressed with myself already that I was clucking an enormous trunk with my mouth while taking a huge staff in my backdoor that I was already ready to bust, but I wasn't finished. I needed to feel like the ultimate slut—something that Brad didn't know about me, but I was thrilled his friends were experiencing. I then winked into the small camera—hoping it would capture me, and I pulled Chuck to where







his cock was tapping against my flowering petals.

"Please, fuck me!"
I moaned. "I need
that long, hard dick
deep inside my soaking snatch!"

He barely said anything, and grazed Bobby's club while he plunged easily inside me—thrusting hard and fast until I shuddered wildly—held up by six masculine hands.

I couldn't believe I came so hard and fast instantaneously, and after my being "airtight," I felt Chuck's pistoning

getting the best of him. I tried to keep him longer inside, but he was aching to drench my face with his jizz. I let him shoot his load—loving the hot paste pour down my face, and just as I moved my head back, I felt Bobby hold onto my stomach, noticing a shooting of his sperm surge in my tight tunnel.

Moaning loudly with Jeremy's pole still down my wet throat, he was the icing on the cake—holding my face while his frothy load was like a





fountain down my throat. Spent and slathered with seed, I winked at the camera once more before Bobby sent it to Brad.

"We were never really that close to him anyway," my backdoor buddy said. "We were always waiting for the day that you two would break up, because you were the one that we wanted to get close to." And since that day, the four of us have become inseparable—a filthy, carnal crew of cocks and cooze.









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ESBIAN BRIDAL STORES 5

On Set Report by Emma Edwards

Starring:

Shyla Jennings, Bree Daniels,
Jelena Jensen, Malena Morgan,
Lily Carter, Jessie Rogers,
Syren De Mer, Amber Chase
Directed By: Dan O'Connell
Available From: Girlfriends Films

30684













irlfriends Films remains a premiere hardcore film company in supplying the marketplace with realistic Lesbian Erotica that puts emphasis on complex storylines, seduction, and romance. With that said, it is a pleasure watching Girlfriends Films productions, because they are always consistent with their content and the delivery of their well-orchestrated product. Never beginning with any negative surprises—realistic girl-on-girl action is consistently delivered, and is a constant delight to experience. With good-humored scenarios and intriguing set-ups, another batch of pretty girls—both young and more mature—are thrown into a sexual soup where wedding bliss serves as the common thread and backdrop.

This is precisely the scene that is assembled as thoughtful director, Dan O'Connell, captures the organic essence of true Sapphic lust and hardcore erotica with his latest project for Girlfriends Films, Lesbian Bridal Stories 5. With a solid mix of natural stunners—we've been granted a ringside seat into watching gorgeous lesbian couples tie the knot in what becomes a firestorm of tits, lips, and clits. Excited to witness the naughtiest nuptials in town, and eager to watch four sexy couples consummate their unions with lusty, leg-locking style—are you ready to take a walk down the aisle? Just say the words, "I do."

The day begins bright and early with Shyla Jennings and Bree Daniels sipping champagne in Bree's stately bedroom. Eager to play dress up with her fresh-faced friend, Daniels tears into her overflowing closet and pulls out a gorgeous bridesmaid's gown made of bright turquoise satin and plenty of sparkles.

"You look so gorgeous in that, you might draw attention away from the bride," Shyla smiles, folding the soft material over her hands like gloves, and petting Bree's slender legs. Visibly heated by where things are going, Daniels pulls out her sister's bridal gown and urges Jennings to try it on.

"Come on baby. Play dress up with me."

Sexily removing her tank top, training bra, and little panties—Shyla maintains a tempting gaze throughout, slowly stripping down for her budding lover. Fishing a pair of white nylons and pearl earrings from her dresser, Bree rests Jennings on the bed, ready to take their play to the next level. Starting at her well-manicured feet, Daniels slowly glides the white nylons up Shyla's legs, adjusting the crotch around her tiny butt.

"I'll just let you do all the work," Shyla giggles. "I hope no one catches us."

Now, both decked out in their beautiful bridal gowns, the duo playfully fall across the bed, snapping photographs of themselves with Bree's camera. "Let's practice our first kiss as man and wife," Bree beams, locking lips with the brunette stunner. Now lost in the throngs of passionate kissing—Jennings can't resist her female urges any longer.

"Take me. I'm all yours," she whispers, pulling out Bree's impressive boobs from her gown.

Stripping Shyla out of her nylons, Bree gets to work between her legs, slurping her slip with loud, exaggerated suckling that fills the room with the sounds of their primal urges. Adding in a few fingers for good measure, Daniels is making Jennings's slit drip and her nips pop.







"Your tits are perfect," Morgan compliments again, as her gal pal bounces her boobies across her face like juggling pins.

"They're all for you, anytime you want them," Jensen teases, working her hands into the crotch of Malena's white nylons, to twirl her slit stringers around her fingers like silvery wedding rings.

Resting her lover on all fours—Jelena scoots behind Malena and eats her out from her pussy to her asshole. Writhing across the bed like a worm on hot pavement, Morgan can't seem to get enough of her slut's expert tongue, as she bounces and flops around. After Jelena makes her cum, Malena chugs on her friend's slit like a coochie-craved lunatic, forcing one orgasmic blast after another and ensuring that Jensen becomes the ultimate maid of dishonor!

As the evening draws near Lily Carter and Jessie Rogers get started with their scene. Also playing dress up, this duo is up in Jessie's room trying on her mother's bridal gown.

"Don't be so uptight. Let's play bride and groom," Lily instigates, pouring her nubile curves into the elegant gown. "Be careful with my mother's dress," Jessie politely warns, unsure of what shenanigans she's about to step into.

Finally getting into the playful groove, Rogers goes into her closet and pulls out a custom-made tuxedo. Putting on the crisp shirt, slick suit, and maroon cummer-bund, Jessie looks awfully cute in her wedding day best. "Now, let's pretend we're on our honeymoon," Carter continues to engage, eager to tear into her new curvy bridegroom with the force of a real woman.

Playfully resting on the bed, Rogers gains the courage she needs in order to step into the lesbian world she covets. Twirling her tongue over Lily's lips, Jessie is worked up and ready to go. Dry humping her body into Carter's decorated crotch, Rogers makes sure Lily is hot, horny, and ready to go.

"Ready to play with me?" Jessie eventually mutters, pulling Lily out of her bridal dress and fixing her mouth around her lady friend's pointy nipples. Shaking her head, "Yes." Carter interlocks her fingers into the headboard behind her-allowing Rogers to worship her body with her tongue. It's incredible!

Now naked, Jessie continues working her tongue down Lily's body, paying close attention to lick and love the wet spot between her legs.





Concluding the film with more seasoned lesbians, Syren De Mer and Amber Chase know the exact way around a woman's body. Enticing De Mer to come upstairs for a bit of girl time, Chase gives Syren her best lines and sultry moves. Once she has her girl gently resting on the bed, Amber compliments her on the glimmer of her eyes and the strength of her legs. Soon, she's peeling her out of her turquoise halter-top, gorging on her pretty tits that are capped with puffy nipples.

"Are you ready to have some fun?" Chase grins—placing her curvaceous cougar on top of her for a bit of pussy tickling. With expert grinding that has their legs intertwined like wet, juicy ropes, the girls smash their throbbing clits into one another.

"This feels incredible," Syren exhales, swirling her tongue across Amber's quivering lips. Switching places, Chase finds her stride on top, pressing into De Mer's shoulders for support, as she bucks her hips against her gal pal like a seasoned bull rider.

"I'm not going to stop until I make you orgasm," Amber warns, making good on her promise, as evidenced by a huge wet spot that christens the bed with their sweet stuff.

In between positions, Chase squats above Syren and urges her to place her hand over her wet cunt.

"Now you do the same to yourself," Amber requests, watching Syren play with both pussies. Ending with impressive Sapphic style, the girls join bodies once again, interlocking their legs like a pair of scissors, in order to coax out another orgasmic blast that has each girl wailing. Clearly, it's nothing short of a climactic ending.

With such attention to detail, and the realistic lesbian sex that makes Girlfriends Films a hard-core household name—expect great things from this production. Although the movie itself may be fashioned around matrimonial sex, there is nothing vanilla about the way these lesbian couples use their clits and crinkles. Certainly, the heat contained within will have taste buds tickled, and carnal appetites fully satisfied.

To learn more about Lesbian Bridal Stories 5, or other Girlfriends Films productions, please visit: www.GirlfriendsFilms.com.







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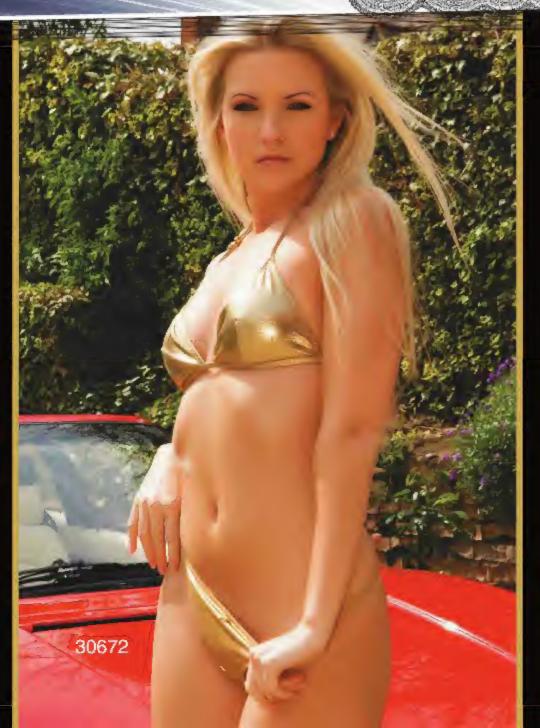
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A red-hot slut likes this needs a revving engine between her legs

JOANNA











It took a lot of lap dances to pay for this ride, but Jana's desire for the fast lane is almost addicting, and when she feels the soft breeze on her pert pebbles, she can't help but pull over and relieve her tension.

"Mmm..." she says, sitting atop her sports car. "I hope someone stops to see what a horny, little whore I am. I love that the car is on and I can feel the rumbling engine bellow through my sopping pussy."

Spreading her sticky petals apart, she mumbles, "Fuck! It looks like I got some gloss on hood. It's too bad I was here all alone, because there's nothing I love more than a fast ride to get my blood flowing."

blood flowing."

Before driving off, she lets her hot nectar dry on the cherry red vehicle, wondering which lucky guy will be the one to drive his joystick in her constricted compartment.















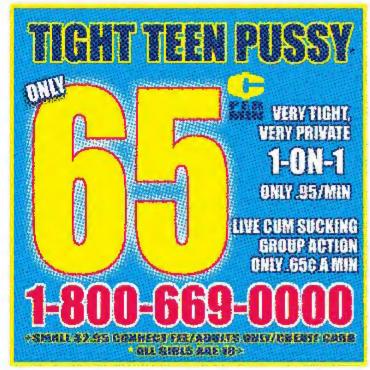


































It's 7:00 P.M. When was the last time you had sex, and was it good?

The last time I had sex was seven days ago, and it was really good!

What did you do before becoming a porn star?

Before joining the adult industry, I worked in clothing retail.

In the art of sex—what do you feel is your strongest skill?

Reverse cowgirl, because I can do it forever, but I can't orgasm from it.

Can you tell us details from your favorite scene, so far?

My boy/girl scene with Manuel Ferrara in *Portrait of a Call Girl* in my big movie from Elegant Angel has been my favorite scene so far. It was rough and sensual—just like Manuel.

What haven't you done on screen... yet?

It's easier to say what I have done. So far, I've done boy/girl, girl/girl, blow bangs, and an orgy.



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What can a person do to ensure you orgasm?

Missionary position [and] eye contact are the most important things to me that will get me off.

If you wanted to fuck me, how would you seduce me?

I'd seduce you with candy and foot massaging. Isn't that what every girl wants? (Laughs)

Have you ever had sex in public? Please explain the encounter.

Nope, I'm not into public sex, unless you





count making a movie and having sex in front of a crew. That, I've done! (Laughs)

Do you still enjoy watching porn in your personal life? If so, which type turns you on? I don't watch porn. I just make it!









dent, clean, funny, and genuine.

Who, in porn, best embodies these qualities?

There is nobody in porn that I know of that best embodies those qualities.

Which male and female performers best exemplify your ideal physical aesthetic? All of the Spiegler girls: Dana Dearmond, Andy San Dimas, Asa Akira, Bobbi Starr, Lily LaBeau, to name a few-and Mark

Wood. I choose these performers because of their cleanliness! We all use Hibiclens, which is an antimicrobial, antiseptic skin cleanser.

Are there any sexual fantasies that you've yet to fulfill? If so, what are they?

Yes, I'd love to have sex underwater. It wouldn't matter whom I had sex with, although I'm sure our encounter would be filmed.

What is your greatest turn-off?

Which male and female performers are you eager to work with, but haven't yet? I would be very eager to work with Kayden Kross—Digital Playground's contract star. I've heard only good things about her, but, unfortunately, she is unattainable. And, I've already worked with all the good guys.

Are there any porn stars that you greatly admire, or that you try to emulate in your own performances?

In my life, I've never admired anyone. I believe that you can't truly be yourself if you admire someone too much. In that scenario, you unintentionally change yourself to be like them.

What would you consider your sexiest physical attribute?

My wrists are my sexiest attribute, but only because I can wrap my thumb and index finger around my wrist, and overlap them; but, other people may think different!

What type of man and woman turn you on? Please explain their attributes. I enjoy both men and women who are confi-





because the company gave me 110 percent right back.

In your personal life, do you closely resemble the sexual style and persona of Jessie Andrews, or are you entirely different? Personality wise, I'm exactly the same. Sexually, I'm different.

What is the wildest sexual thing you've ever done off camera?

Actually, I'm rather boring. I haven't really done anything wild.

Please describe your decision to keep a bushy pussy. What is it about female bush that turns you on?

Bush is back! I feel that bush helps give people character.

My greatest turn-off is uncleanliness, and people who have bad attitudes.

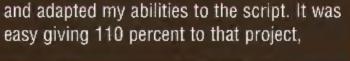
What do you sleep in? I sleep in the nude. It's the only way to go!

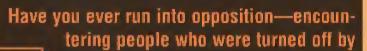
You've turned out to be quite the actress—shining brightly in movies such as Elegant Angel's, Portrait of a Call Girl (Elegant Angel) and eDating exposed from Wicked Pictures. Did you take acting lessons, or are you simply a natural?

No, I've never taken any acting classes. In eDating exposed, there was no script involved. Instead, our director, Edwin Lee, told me the types of things to say, and I performed from there.

In Portrait of a Call Girl, Graham, my director, had built the character. So, I read the story

easy giving 110 percent to that project,





your pubic hair, or didn't want to play with it?

I haven't encountered that yet, but I'm sure it will happen.

If you could have sex with anybody_(living or dead), who would it be?

I would have sex with Barack Obama, so that I could create a worldwide, unorthodox scandal. My second choice would be Charlie Sheen, so I could finally become a goddess. (Laughs)

Do you have any parting words for your fans?

Keep on, keepin' on!





This blushing bride has one eye open for her carnal craving...







"Oh, fuck, this feels so good!" She moans, moving the toy back and forth in her hot hole. "I want my husband to know what a dirty, little slut he's marrying."

With one hand concentrated on pulling a hulking hose in and out of her crinkle, and another one frigging her clittle, Cindy begins to burst—bursting a billowy mass of girl gravy down the slippery toy, allowing the bauble to fall off the bed, and onto the clean carpet. Sopping up her lady luster from her thighs—stopping it from getting to the just-washed sheets, Cindy moans: "I guess my man will get the idea that no matter how clean I may look, I'm one dirty whore."

















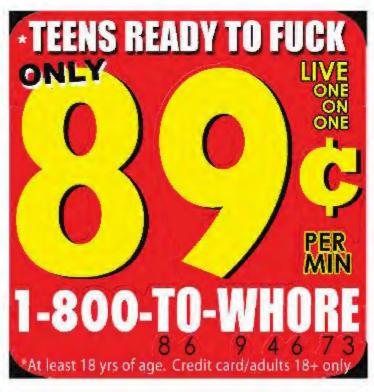
























These Sapphic Sluts take their twat licking to new heights...

SUSANE & EVE ANGEL





3347















Walking up to the rooftop of their apartment, Susane's cleft purrs in Eve's face—ready for a tongue-lashing. "I told you I wanted to spice up our sex life," Susane says, closing the heavy door behind her. "And I figured we can take our girl games all the way to the top."

Eve's pussy begins to melt down her legs while Susane starts to finger herself, and desperate for a taste of her girl's cream—Eve kneels down on the dirty gravel, unleashing her flesh flap on Susane's pulsing pearl.

"Oh, fuck, baby, you really can get in deep with that tongue of yours," Susane musters, creaming her lady's face with her clear liquid. "But, I'm sure you can go even deeper."

Handing Eve the blinged out vibrator, Susane takes the toy deep down her throat—wetting the pearly toy for her creaming cunt.

Eve's droplets for a puddle on the ground, and once her hand reaches her clit—she's the one that begins to shake—letting the toy dive deeper in her girlfriend's pink.

"That's it, baby! Right there! See how my clit grabs onto the toy?" Susane bellows, her pleasure screams echoing through the busy streets outside.

Giving her one final lick on the toy and her spent snatch, Susane quivers, whispering, "Boy, baby, you really know how to go above and beyond."















































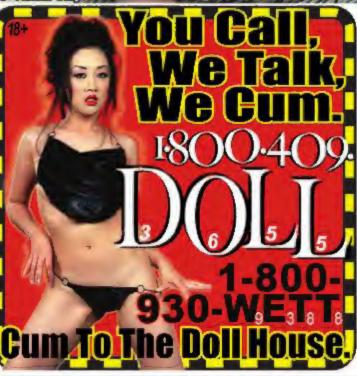














































































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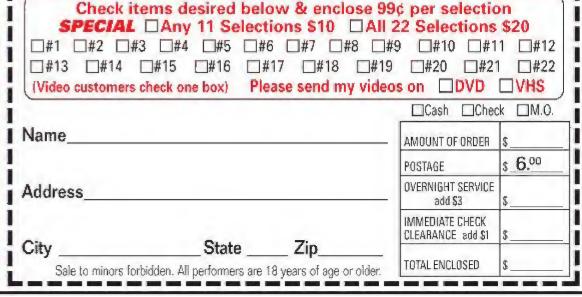














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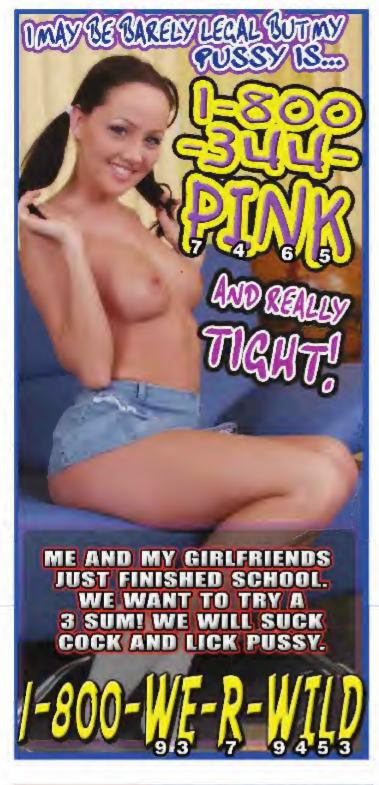




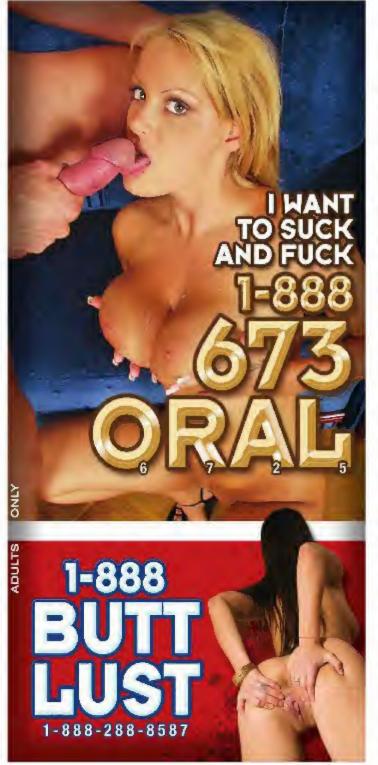


















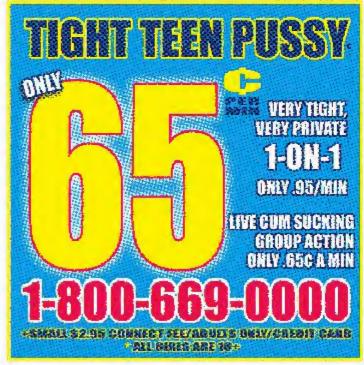
















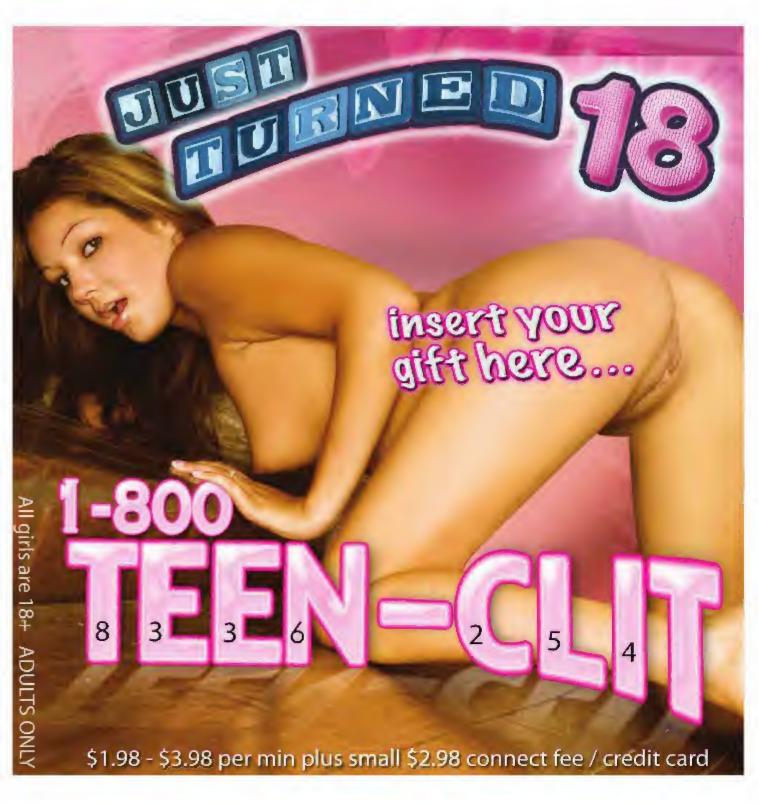
















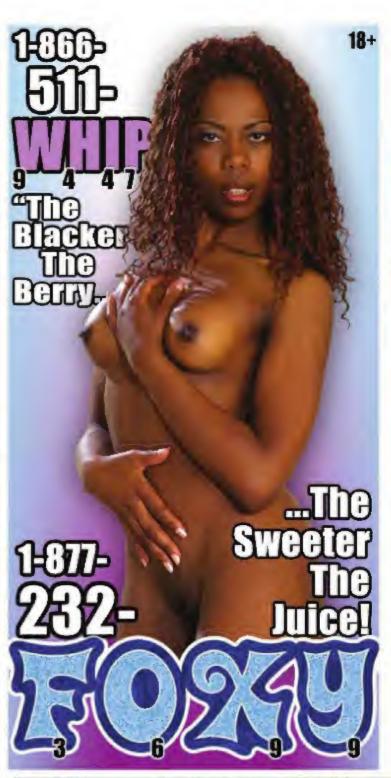


















Watch how wet this Stepford slut gets before her husband comes home...

HORNY HOUSEWIFE WHORE





Setting up the video on her phone, Sabrina's chests begin to heave while playfully licking the sweet batter from the wisk.

"Oh, honey, while you're at work, I just can't keep my mind off how thick your cock was down my throat this morning. I thought you were going to burst when I straddled your legs and started to thrust against your knees."

Kneeling on a wooden barstool, Sabrina turns around and watches her plump rump fill the tiny screen while she pushes her swollen lips apart.

"You see how wet you make me, sweetie pie?" She whimpers, thrusting her manicured finger in her hot hole. "I had to distract myself so I decided to bake, but the frosting reminds me of the delicious load you unleashed on my face."

Watching her own honey nectar seep from her snatch, Sabrina whisks up her tiny batch and feeds it to herself-letting the video take in her glistening fingers.

"Aren't you glad you married such a horny little slut like me?" The nasty nympho hums. "I'll be waiting here with my mouth open to relax you later tonight."

Before hitting send, she closes out her solo scene by pouring warm milk over her hard pebbles, dirtying up the clean counter and immaculate floor.

Winking to the small screen, Sabrina says, "See you when you get home."









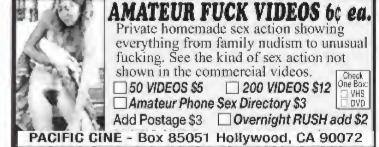


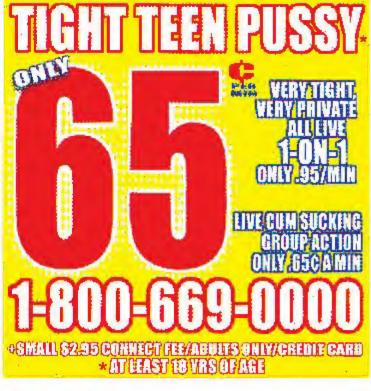




































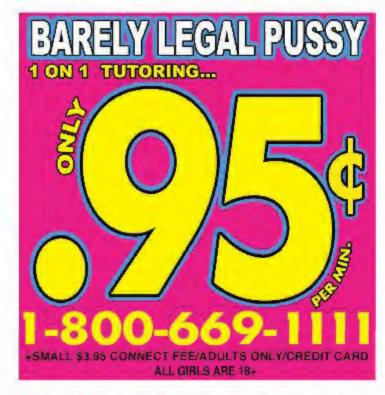












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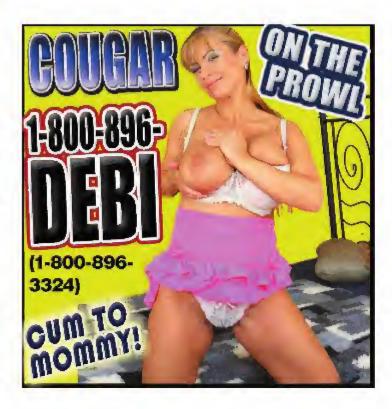










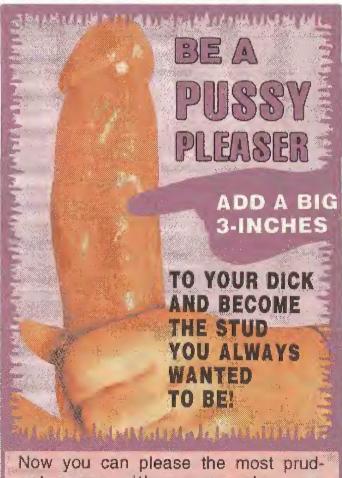












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Watch as this filthy slut plays a dirty prank on her boyfriend...

CATHY & JAMIE







"I bet you didn't think you'd find me here, huh, Jamie?" Cathy huffs, folding her arms against her bare chest. "I can't believe you told your friends you were going to leave me because I wasn't slutty enough for you."

Spreading her legs open, Cathy starts petting her bald center, whimpering, "What's the matter? This tight, little pussy doesn't do anything for you anymore?"

Unzipping his pants, Jamie pulls out his aching rod, hoping his girl would reach for it and thrust down her throat.

"Oh, I see what you want," she says, inhaling the whole rod. "You want me to get it slick and glossy for my ass, don't you, baby?"

While scads of her saliva shines on the grass, Cathy is the one that calls the shots this time and makes her man lie down on the warm blanket.

"Mmm...l love the way your head gets so billowy like that," she says, tracing the pre-cum from his burgeoning cap. "It's so hard and thick that it boggles my mind that it feels so good in my tight hole," she teases, licking up the rest of the salty serum.

Sitting down on top of the pulsating helmet, Cathy hums when her asscheeks get filled up with a hulking amount of manmeat, and until she drops to his thighs, feeling his balls against her undercarriage, she continues to bounce like a wanton whore—taking his impressive length in her constricted crinkle.

"I take that back, honey!"
Jamie groaned. "You're the
sexy slut I've been waiting for
all my life!"

Reaching behind her to slick up her dildo from home, she shows her man the piece before jutting it into her scorching pink. It takes a minute, but when this nympho gets double-stuffed, she starts to quiver—letting her pussy rain all over her man's twitching sword.

"Come on, baby, cum in my tiny pucker! I want to feel your hot jizz fill me up," Cathy musters, before feeling the boy batter paint her wanton walls.

Licking up the rest of his cream, Cathy musters, "Well, sweetie, I guess actions speak louder than words, and my actions are nothing but naughty."

























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